

BIG CROPS AND PROSPERITY.

Merchants in Chicago From Many Points Tell Same Story.

(Chicago Dispatch to N. Y. Times.) With the arrival in Chicago of a multitude of merchants from the South, the Southwest, the West, and the Middle West for the celebration of "Chicago Week," an annual event designed for the purpose of bringing buyers to the marts of this city, a spirit of optimism pervaded the wholesale merchandising districts, for practically all the visitors brought tidings of bounteous crops and increasing prosperity. Individually the buyers declare that prosperity is galloping back to the agricultural Central West, which has never been as much affected by the war as other parts of the country.

Merchants are laying in big stocks in preparation for a remarkable trade in the fall after the harvest. The demand on wholesalers for that class of goods known as luxuries has been unusually heavy.

"The South is booming," said Charles McNeal of the McNeal & Edwards Co., Clarksville, Tenn., today. It is in for one of its greatest eras of prosperity. I am so sure of it that I am buying more heavily than for years past. The cotton situation has done more good than harm in the long run. While the territory which we serve immediately is not cotton country, still I know from wholesale establishments in my city that the South as a whole, is buying more than it has for some years."

"Crops are simply magnificent in the Far Northwest," said H. Clayburgh of Spokane, Wash., who distributes shoes over the States of Montana, Washington, and Idaho. "Montana has the greatest grain crops in its history, and the crops in the orchard sections of the three States could not be better. Grain, of course, will bring high prices, but the shutting off of the export demand may lower the profits of the fruit growers. There is continued dullness in the lumber industry, due mostly to lack of ships to carry the products of the forest, but the merchants are buying more freely than for some time, replenishing their depleted stocks, and apparently are more confident than I have ever before seen them."

"North Dakota is just getting ready to harvest the biggest wheat crop in its history," said J. B. Mills of Bismarck. "There isn't a blemish on the crop anywhere in the State, and nothing but hail can harm it now. Prices are high, and the whole State will be more prosperous than ever before."

BLACK HAND WORK IN ASHEVILLE; EDWARD FRADY JAILED

Asheville, Aug. 6.—Receiving a letter this morning to the effect that he would suffer serious harm if he did not leave \$400 at a place named in the communication, D. P. Lance today turned the letter over to the sheriff and the latter placed deputies at the place mentioned, who arrested Edward Frady, a son of Constable William Frady of Arden.

The letter received by Mr. Lance today was the second communication of the sort received. The first one asked that \$300 be deposited and warned the recipient not to refuse to comply with the demand. He paid no attention to the request for money, but turned the letter over to officers. On the day that he was to have left the money his warehouse was burned with a loss of \$2,000.

Officers were stationed today at the point where the letter directed that the money be left and Frady was arrested as he is alleged to have run toward Mr. Lance. The prisoner, however, maintains that he has no knowledge of the blackmailing scheme and the destruction of the warehouse, stating that he was passing the point on his way to the home of a neighbor.

The prisoner was brought to Asheville and placed in the Buncombe county jail, pending the arrangement of a date for his preliminary hearing. Officers left tonight with the announced intention of conducting a further investigation in the hope of ascertaining whether other arrests can be made in connection with the case.

New Crop Turnip Seeds

We have all varieties

Ruta Baga
Purple Top
Yellow Globe
Hop
White Egg, Etc.

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AUTO OF MANY KINDS MAKES TRIP FROM FLA. TO HVILLE.

(St. Petersburg, Fla., Times.)

Will Ramm is looking for a name for his new automobile and it might be interesting to state that he is in a quandary for he does not know how to classify the machine, as he is required to do in applying for a state license. The reason he is losing so much sleep over the momentous question is because the car has been constructed from parts of other machines, relegated to the scrap heap at the Ramm garage. It was built by the owner, himself and as a staunch looking, good looking, easy running car.

In looking about the garage Mr. Ramm found numerous discarded parts of automobiles and then a happy thought struck him. The new composite car is the direct result of the previously mentioned thought.

The new automobile was constructed of parts listed as follows: a Buick engine, Mitchell frame, Regal axles, Ford wheels, Overland radiator, Maxwell axle points, Hupmobile seats, Flanders steering wheel, Studebaker cam shaft, Abbott brakes, Chalmers crank, Houk wheelcaps, Samson horn, Haines fan, Olds pedals, Oakland dashboard, Reo differential gear keys, home made run board, and a thousand and one other parts picked out of the scrap pile.

After getting "it" put together in running order Horace Farmer gave "it" a few coats of paint and applied the strips and other trimmings and really it looks like the real thing.

What the builder of this unusual benzine buggy really wants to know is how he is going to get a license to operate a machine built of so many different makes and types of cars. It is such a substantial "boat" that he is going to drive his father Captain F. W. Ramm, to Mountain Home, N. C. in a short time. Mr. Ramm will remain at Mountain Home for a month or more but his son will return driving "it" home subjecting "it" to another severe test.

SHAKESPEARE'S ENGLISH.

It is Still Spoken by the Mountaineers of Kentucky.

(From The New York Sun.)

It is said that when the Kentucky mountaineer begins to read at all he displays so marked a preference for Shakespeare that it is invariably the works of that poet that have most frequently to be rebound in any library to which he has access. The reason he himself gives for this predilection is that the things Shakespeare makes his characters do always seem so "natural."

So also must seem the things he makes them say. Words and turns of expression employed by Shakespeare and in the King James version of the Bible are, writes William Aspenwall Bradley in Harper's Magazine, of such common occurrence in the mountain speech that it is quite possible for a native student of his own people's peculiar characteristics to argue, with no small show of reason, that "the purest English on earth is that of the Kentucky mountaineers"—however unpolished and crude it may be grammatically. Another asserts that this racy idiom is the one real literary dialect as yet produced in America.

Just because the mountaineers are, for the most part either illiterate or able to see few newspapers, they have no stereotyped forms of expression. For them the language is in the same state of fluidity and flux that it was for Shakespeare and his contemporaries, so that they are always free to vary and invent, and are often forced to feel around, as it were, not only for the right word but for their own word, which, since they have a natural aesthetic instinct for verbal shapes and sounds, gives their speech a remarkable sense of freshness and stylistic distinction. Moreover, the very fact that their vocabulary is extremely limited tends to foster a fanciful and figurative form of expression, as in the case of the old preacher, who, referring to the white-haired among his auditors called down a blessing upon those "whose heads were bloomin'" for the grave.

But what at first sight appears most corrupt or colloquial often proves on closer acquaintance to possess unexceptionable linguistic credentials. What for example, could possibly have a more bucolic or Boeotian flavor than the use of the verb "to talk" in the sense of "to court" or "to woo"? Yet, in "King Lear" we find Regan saying, precisely:

"My lord is dead; Edmund and I have talked."

In Shakespeare also we find "help" for "helped," a form of the preterite common in the mountains, as are also "whup" for "whipped," "wrop" for "wrapped," "clomb" for "climbed." If a mountain man becomes suddenly bereft of his senses it is said of him that "he's tuk a franzo spell," and this rustic pronunciation has the authority of no less a poet than Sir Philip Sidney. There is also sound logic, if not literary authority, for "ary" and "nary," which are nothing more nor less than contraction of "e'er a" and "ne'er a"—corruptions, if one chooses, but notably euphonious and convenient, and the forms "farder" and "furdur" for "farther" have exactly the same justification from an etymological point of view as "murder," which used to be written "murthur," while the impersonal pronoun "hit" is no mere cockneyism for "it," but the original Anglo-Saxon form of the word.

HOW HE KEPT POTATOES.

(Monroe Journal.)

"Went to see old John Crow the other day," said Mr. T. J. Gordon to The Journal, "and what do you think he showed me? Showed me eight or nine barrels of his last fall's crop of Irish potatoes which he still has on hand. Ate on them all the fall and winter and spring till the new crop came in and still has some left. He had them in barrels lined with newspapers in his smokehouse."

WILL HE OPPOSE MR. BRITT.

Forest City Press Failed in Effort to Learn If Man Wanted the Job.

(Forest City Press.) The Free Press man had heard it rumored that Representative J. F. Alexander of this place would be in the race for congress next year. To get the straight of the matter the reporter went in quest of "Jake." He was in the front yard at his handsome home fooling with some shrubbery all the while keeping an eye on the fish disporting themselves in the fountain nearby. He was beaming with good nature and the reporter began decoy.

"Notice there are several men in the race for congress?" (Yes, the interrogation point belongs there—we meant it for a query.)

"That arbor-vitae over there is coming along fast," was the disheartening reply.

Of course the arbor-vitae was growing, but that had nothing to do with the congressional fight. The reporter tried again:

"Heard your name mentioned in—"

"Say isn't too bad about that bunch there in front of the steps? Guess it'll have to be re-set," side-stepped the wily one.

Once again the reporter started:

"The opinion of many is that you—"

"Been thinking about widening that driveway. It's too narrow for a big car."

The reporter scratched his head.

"If your friends put your name—"

"See that blackjack there by the piazza. Some people think it out of place with the nursery trees, but I wouldn't take anything for it. It carries me back to my boyhood days on the farm."

The reporter looked but he couldn't catch the enthusiasm. It was only a scrubby oak—just like thousands of others over the woods. For a minute he was stalled, but started again:

"In the event your friends—"

"Don't you think a pergola would add to this side of the yard?"

"Yes, yes, but what about the congressional—"

"Let me tell you about the garage. Got Bob Griffin to paint it for me. Told him to make it brick color. When Bob finished he noticed that it was not exactly the color of a brick, he had mixed his paint just right. So he got an old brick bat of the house, painted it and put along by the side of the garage to prove to me that he was right. Fine idea eh?" and he chuckled heartily.

The reported was getting desperate and he put it bluntly:

"Say, are you a candidate for congress?"

"Going over to Polk county one of these days to eat grapes with my old friend, Sheriff Hill. Come go along."

Gentle reader, that is all we know. Decide for yourself if J. F. Alexander will be in the race to succeed Mr. Britt.

A CORDIAL INVITATION.

(New York World.)

The president of the German-American alliance, who calls the president of the United States a "political bankrupt," warns him that he has "forfeited his re-election" by his notes to Germany.

We do not yet know whether Mr. Wilson intends to be a candidate for re-election, but there is one highly important fact that we desire to emphasize for the benefit of all our hyphenated friends. The next presidential election will be decided by American votes, not by the votes of men who are at heart subjects of a foreign government. Most Americans who are Americans in spirit as well as by birth or blood or choice have become satiated by the continuing threat of the so-called German vote in the next election. The changes have been rung upon this theme for nearly a year. The German newspapers in Germany are no less arrogant than German newspapers and agitators in the United States in boasting of the decisive influence that this vote will exert in electing the president of the United States in 1916.

We shall have a showdown on that issue next year. If there is a German-American vote or any other hyphenated vote that thinks it can elect a president of the United States or defeat a president of the United States, let it undertake to translate its words into deeds. There are a great many important political questions before the American people, but we know of no other question so vital as this—namely, whether the United States is a free and independent nation or a semi-detached colony.

Whenever our German-American friends are prepared to take their own political threats seriously, there are approximately 15,000,000 American voters who will be glad to settle this matter at the polls.

THE FAILURES IN THE CITY.

I know the road of the farmer boy is rough and hard—but it's the road that makes big, fearless, robust, manly men! Back yonder in those harsh days I, too, longed for the city just as perchance you are longing for it today. But I understand a lot of things now that I didn't understand then. Viewed from the distance the bright lights look enchanting enough—but once familiarized with them, the enchantment soon dies away. Cities annually kill thousands of boys and girls while the country builds them into splendid men and women and paints upon their cheeks the rose-hued flush of health. Today, every city in the land is crowded with erst-while farmer boys whose muscle and vitality is being fed into the maws of its giant industries—farmer boys who stoke its fiery furnaces, who run its heartless machinery, its street cars, or who perch upon high chairs up in some tall skyscraper and who when the day's weary grind is at an end, betake themselves to some dark, cramped tenement abode where vile smells and poverty are ever companions—boys who have learned that bright lights and the music are only for those who have "the time and the money to pay for them."—Exchange.

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In a Bottle—
Through a Straw



WILLIAM THAW, AMERICAN AVIATOR SHOWS GREAT DARING.

Paris, Aug. 4.—William Thaw, of Pittsburgh, who is serving as an aviator in the French army, has just received his third citation in the orders of the day. He has been detailed to the dangerous work of locating and observing German batteries often situated two or three miles behind the first line.

Recently while flying low, one shell broke immediately beneath his machine. It is the German's custom to fire three test shells to locate an aviator's range. As soon as the first shell broke Thaw immediately started to rise, and then dive, in order to avoid the two ensuing shells. His lieutenant observer ordered him to keep straight ahead at the same level, as otherwise he could not make accurate calculations. A moment later one shell exploded but a short distance in front of them, and the third one directly behind. A piece of shrapnel carried away a portion of the tail and for a moment the machine appeared lost, gaining control, turned, and after Thaw soon succeeded in righting it, re-passing through a hot rifle fire landed safely inside the French lines. The General commanding the division who witnessed the feat, asked to be presented to the aviator as he wished to compliment him. Thaw was immediately brought before the General, who, shaking him by the hand, warmly congratulated him upon his bravery and coolness and promised him that his gallant action would not go unnoticed. The following morning the citation appeared in the orders of the day.

KEEP CHILDREN ON THE FARM.

But Don't Make Drudges of the Boys and Girls.

In Farm and Fireside an Ohio woman makes the following frank comment on how to keep boys and girls on farms:

"Don't get the idea in your head that you must raise your children as you were raised. Times have changed since we were kids, and we must change with them to make a success in life. Give them all the education you can afford. Don't think that because you received only a few years' schooling and got through life all right your children can do the same.

"Above all, don't make a drudge out of the boy or girl, working them from morning till night, never stopping to think that they are not strong enough for the amount of work you are compelling them to do. Most men won't put a colt to work until it is old enough to stand it, and then do so by easy stages; but parents turn right around and put the boy to working a full day long before he is able to do so. It seems strange that some men have more consideration for a colt than for their own children. Many fathers see in their boys a way to help them save and grasp all they can, and never think of the boy's pleasure or comfort. Is it any wonder, then he gets tired of staying at home and branches out for himself? Generally the parents blame the boy. They never stop to think that had they treated the boy right he

would still be at home. Give him a good room and a house he can enjoy."

MAN BEHIND THE COUNTER.

When the man behind the counter has a manner gruff and surly, when his brow is dark and sullen and his lip with scorn is curling, when he flings the goods across with a cool, indifferent air, much as saying "That's a loss; for your customer we don't care" then in sadness I am driven to the slow but sure conclusion that my presence in that salesroom is regarded as intrusion. I have traded with the fellow eight long years, or maybe ten, but I say, "Perhaps I'd better never enter there again."

"When the man behind the counter says "Good morning," with a smile, when he jokes about the weather in a free and friendly style, when he calls me by my name, though it's humble, I'm aware, when he treats me just the same as a millionaire, irresistibly I'm drawn to the gratified conclusion that

my presence in the store is accounted no intrusion, and in thankfulness, I reckon "Though I spend a paltry dime, there's a place where I am welcome, I will go there every time."

HENDERSONVILLE LEADING.

(University News Letter.)

Here is another alert little city. The town council has just ordered all surface closets along the sewer mains to be connected therewith or otherwise abolished. All surface closets in the unsewered portions of the city must be made water-tight and fly-proof. Night soil must be removed regularly and properly disposed of. Milk, meats, fruits and vegetables must be screened in the shops, markets and delivery wagons. Stables must be cleaned out once a week, and so on and on. Chapel Hill and Carrboro and many other towns in North Carolina must move fast to catch up with Hillsboro drawn to the gratified conclusion that

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Morehead City and Return
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\$8.00

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